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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 16 No. 2 75p

THE LUSCIOUS LANDLADY: delicious Debbie undresses

WHAT A TONIC: THE DOCTOR'S DARING DAUGHTER

THE RED BARON: GERMANY'S GREATEST AIR ACE

OUT OF HER SASH: OUR CUTEST CARNIVAL QUEEN

THE CLASSIC CARS OF ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

A BIT ON THE SLIDE: SKI-ING FUN CARTOONED

WAY OUT: IT'S PAULA OUR PERKIEST PUNK

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Delightful Debbie, page 52. It's the Siddeley season, page 62

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
The Red Baron's Last Battle:	The day Germany's most infamous air ace was shot	*Gerald Rawling*	38
The Modern Ms:	What today's girls get up to	*Ronald Cobb*	81
Carrie:	Carrie's hot chestnut is a bit of a hot potato	*Steve Kingston*	112
GIRLS			
Paula:	Our punk girl likes to paint the town red		12
Tammy:	A Ugandan Asian who likes to wear nothing	*Roy Brewington*	28
Julia:	The Devonian who went further west	*Siwer Ohlsson*	41
Debbie:	Our lovely landlady has good B & B	*Ed Alexander*	52
Vanessa:	A doctor's daughter is just the tonic	*Peter Flodquist*	68
Lucy:	The carnival queen who thought 'Enery was a knockout	*John Allum*	84
Mariella:	A maid who's uncloaked in mystery	*Gerth Sernelin*	102
HUMOUR			
Disorder in the Court:	It's enough to make any jury rise	*Paul White*	21
Snow Good:	Ski-slope scrapes lampooned	*Brian Forbes*	47
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		75
Have I Stopped Beating My Wife?	The nuptial war of nerves	*Alan Clarke*	78
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Armstrong Siddeleys – limousines with verve	*William Boddy*	62
Quest:	Women who melt under a little rough treatment		91
FICTION			
To Have and to Hold:	A cat burglar's night on the tiles	*Roger Dunkley*	16
READER SERVICES	**Letters**/page 10 **Book Society**/page 20 **Back Numbers**/page 26 **Binder Offer**/page 35 **Subscription Details**/page 35 **Film Club**/page 80 **Calendar Offer**/page 106 **Jewellery Offer**/page 108 **Jigsaw Offer**/page 108 **Holiday Offer**/page 109		
CRITICS	**Films, Drinks**		25

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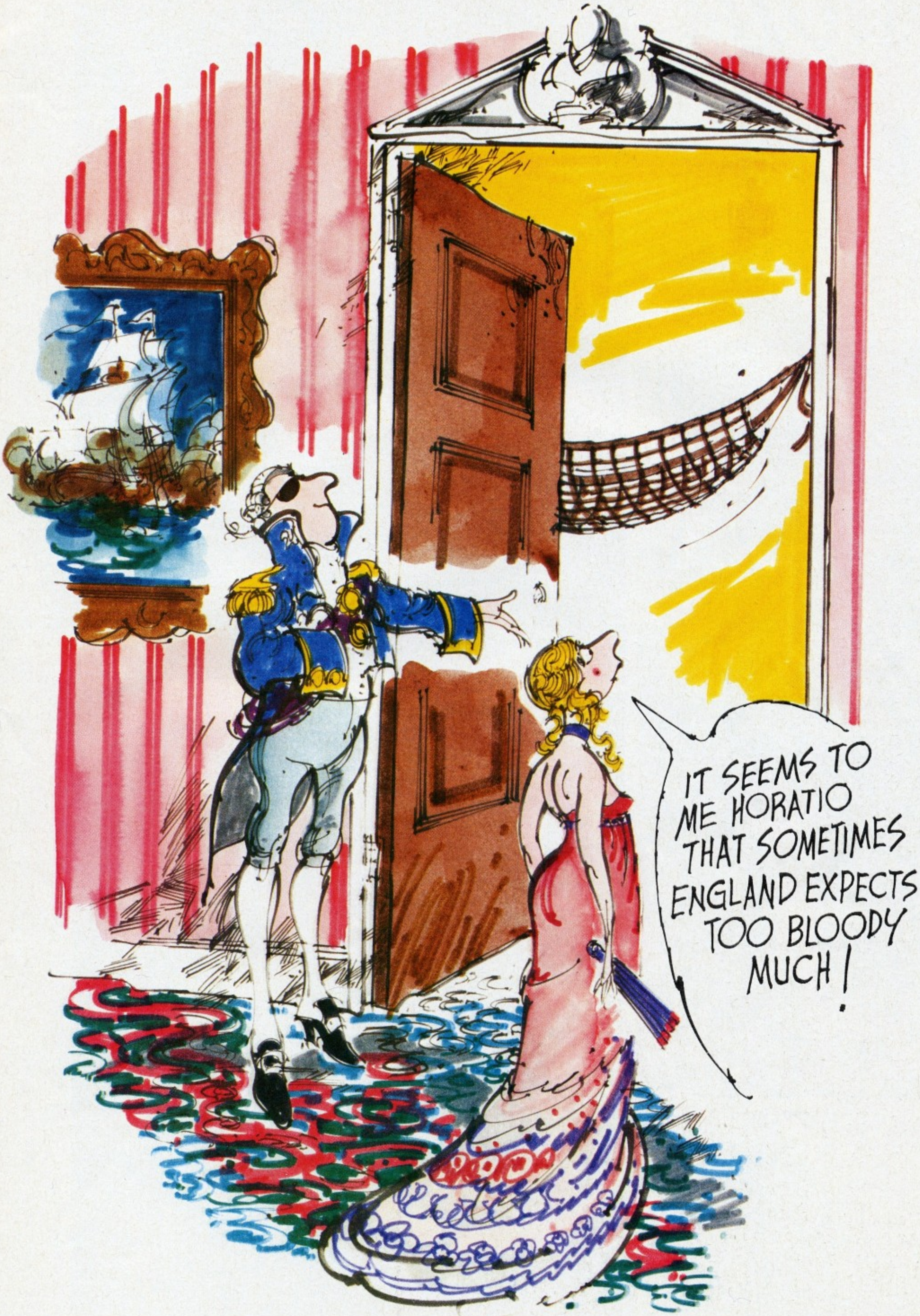

IT SEEMS TO ME HORATIO THAT SOMETIMES ENGLAND EXPECTS TOO BLOODY MUCH!

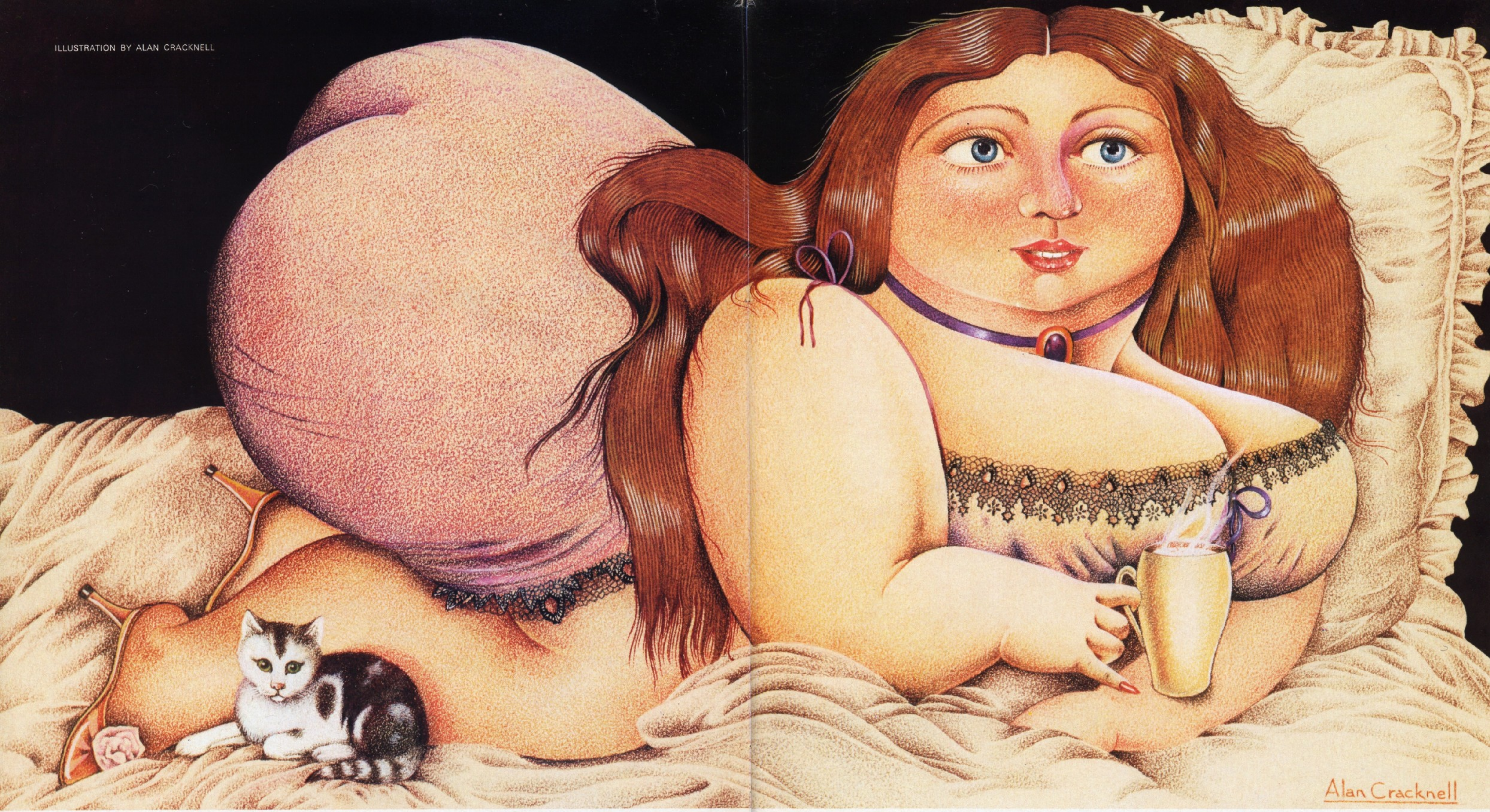


ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN CRACKNELL

To have and to hold

Her bosom heaved and fluttered. The man was on the landing outside her door, and as she groped for the key he turned the knob. This was finally Nora Foyle's big scene. Fiction by Roger Dunkley

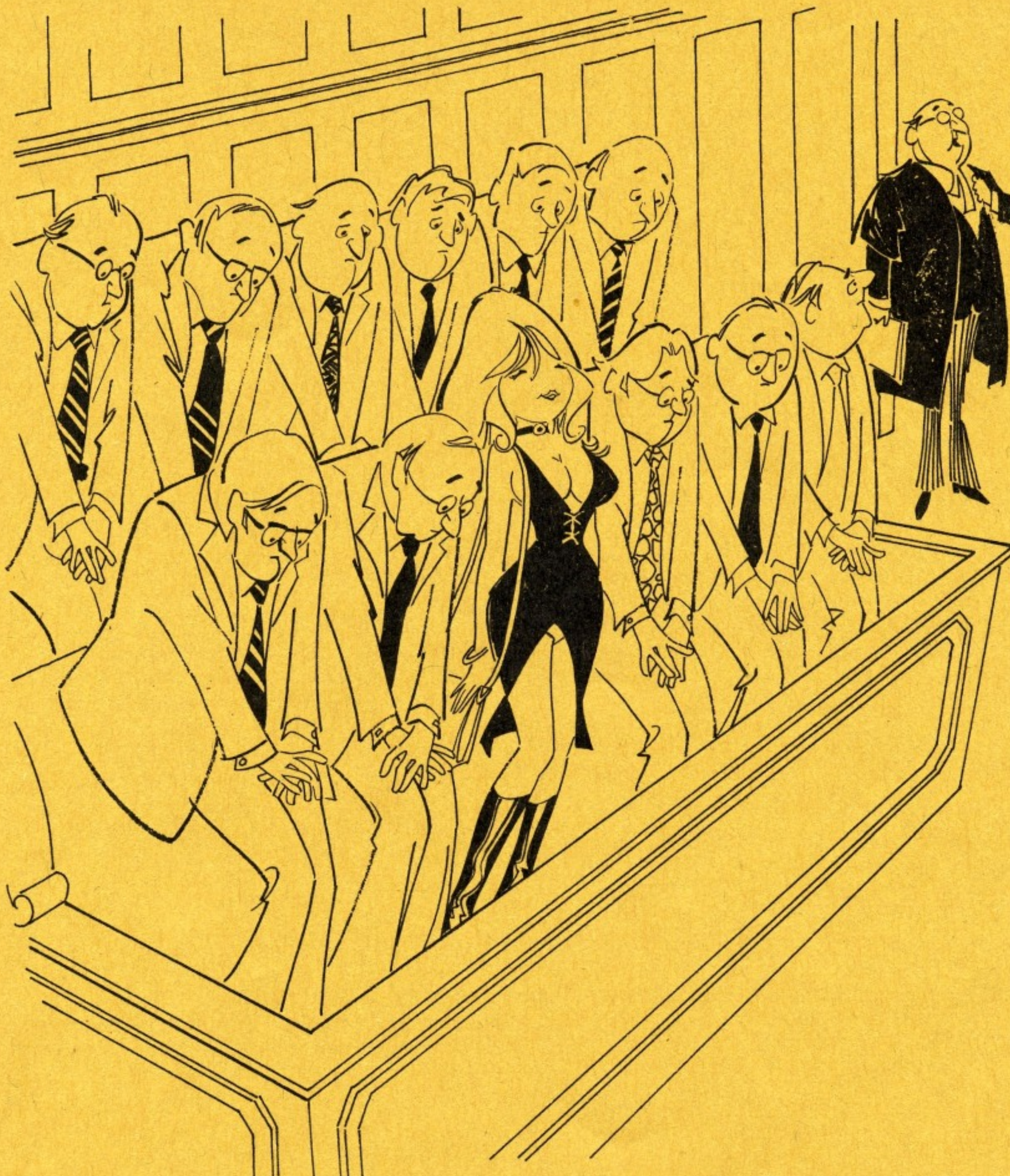
Nora Foyle, her large and comfortable body tautly swathed in a luxury of fragile lingerie, smiled goodnight to the announcer, wondered if he was married and whether his wife cherished him as much as he evidently deserved with so delectable a moustache, switched off the television set, decided to have the Horlicks later in bed, picked up Mr Pootle, cat, from the hearth-rug, which was warm, and put him down on the doorstep, which was not, noted the light was still on in the study, bolted the doors front and back, filled a furry hot water bottle, went back and checked the back door – for living so far from the village one could never be too careful – padded upstairs to the bedroom, where the wallpaper's fading roses clambered incongruously about her posters of Steve McQueen and Paul Newman, brushed out her hair, approved of it, blew a pungent mist of 'Optimisme' about the bed from her cologne spray, organised her woolly pink slippers tidily beside the bed, slipped her homely limbs between the virginal sheets, ignored the groan of the mattress, turned out the light, and, hugging the chaste, consolatory warmth of her bottle, abandoned herself to perfumed dreams.

Tropical warmth. Simmering skies. A sun-bronzed arm, bulging with muscle, beckoning her aboard the yacht. 'But Mr Redford, we've hardly been introduced . . .'

And abruptly, annoyingly, snatched from a dishonour infinitely more desirable than death, Mrs Foyle found herself wide awake, staring into the mundane darkness of the empty room. She sighed, smiled comfortably to herself, turned over and was just cajoling her tensed muscles towards dream-sleep once more, when the noise reached her again.

Awkwardly she raised her head from the pillow to sift the distant sound from the sudden pulse thudding in her ears. Her eyes strained at the darkness. Distinctly it came again: a muffled, abrasive noise.

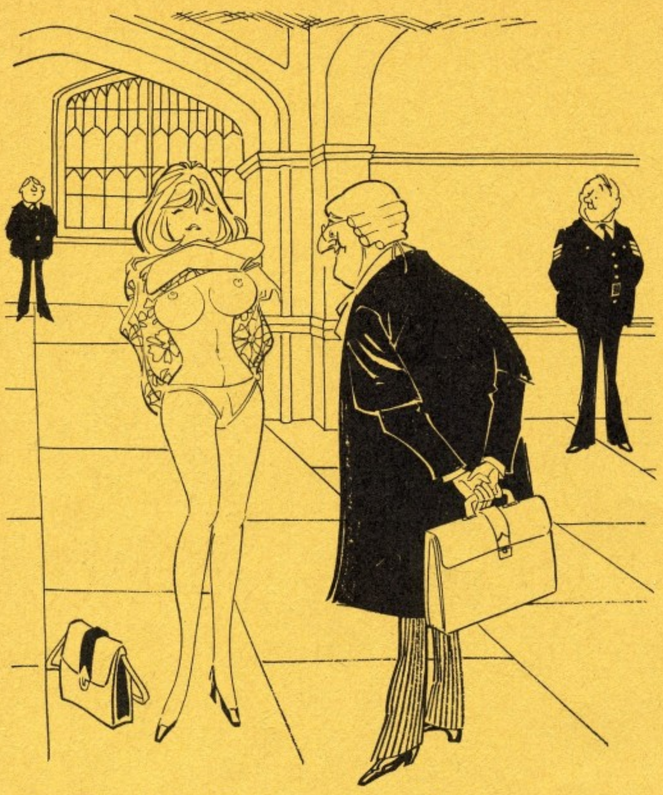
She held her breath and waited. The whole



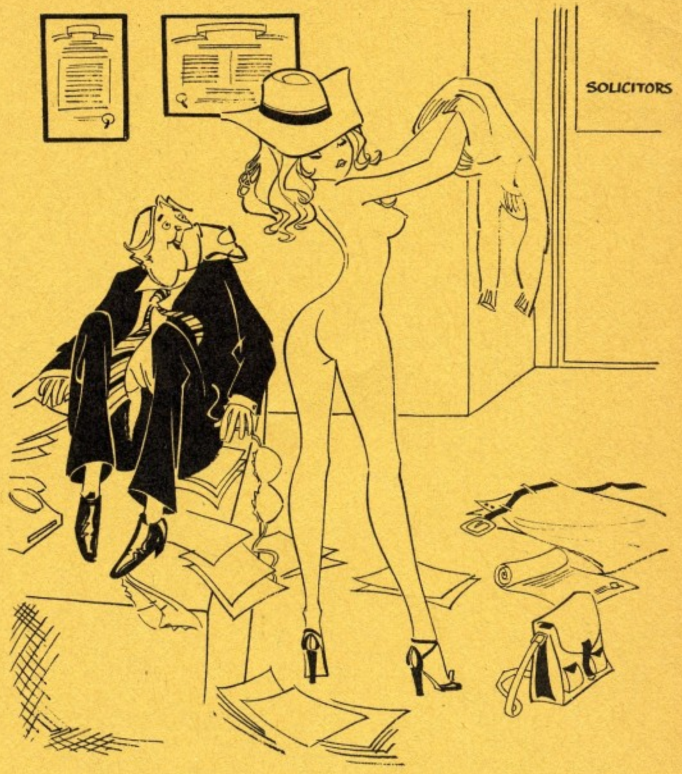
'The court will rise.'

COURT IN THE ACT

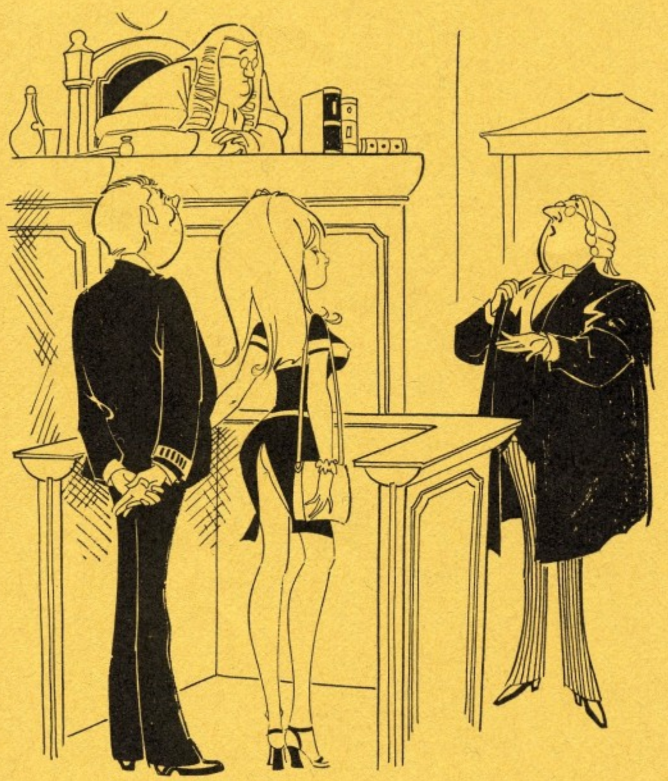
Cartoonist Paul White lays
down the law and submits that it's time
there was more sex in court



'Shoplifting indeed! You've convinced me there's no room for even the smallest tin down the front of your dress.'


SOLICITORS

'*Now* that's *what I call applying for legal aid.*'



'The accused, who throughout has been only too willing in lending the police a hand . . .'

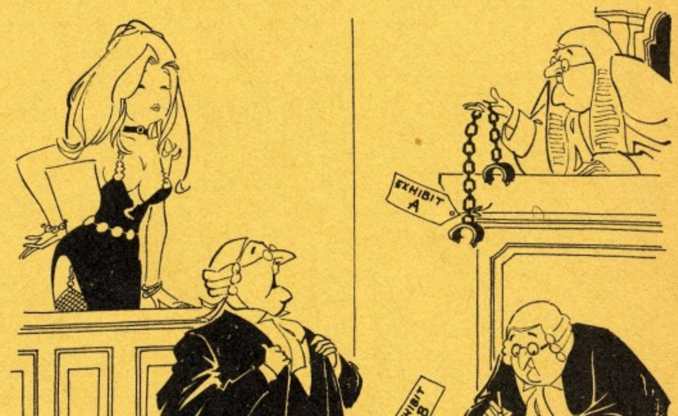
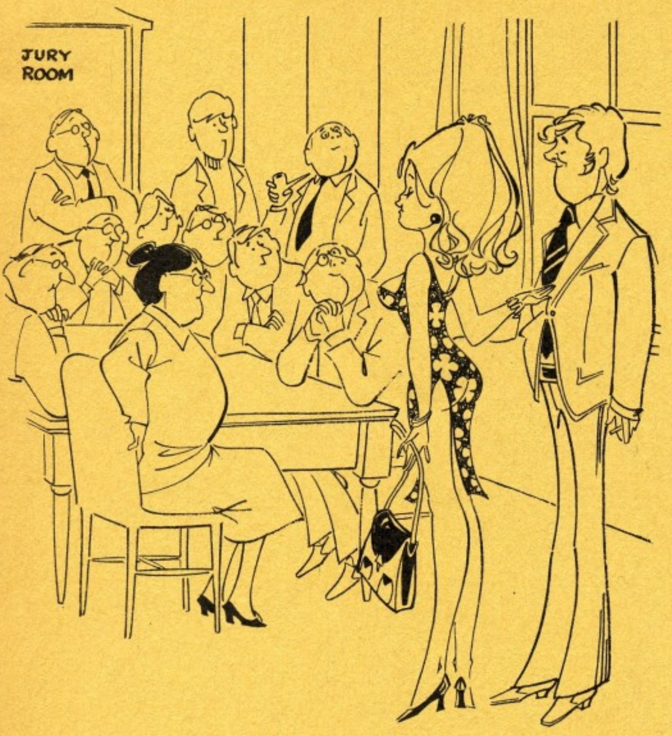
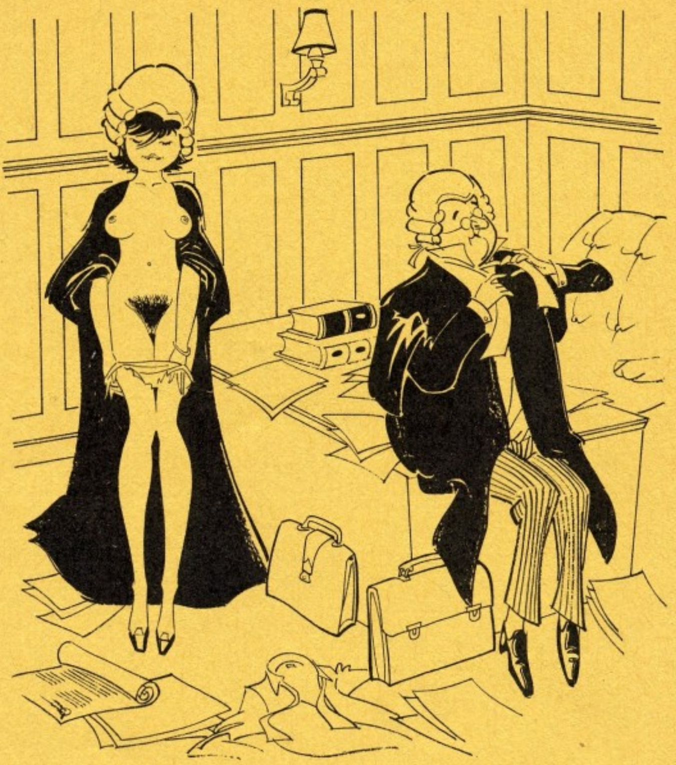


EXHIBIT A
EXHIBIT B
EXHIBIT C

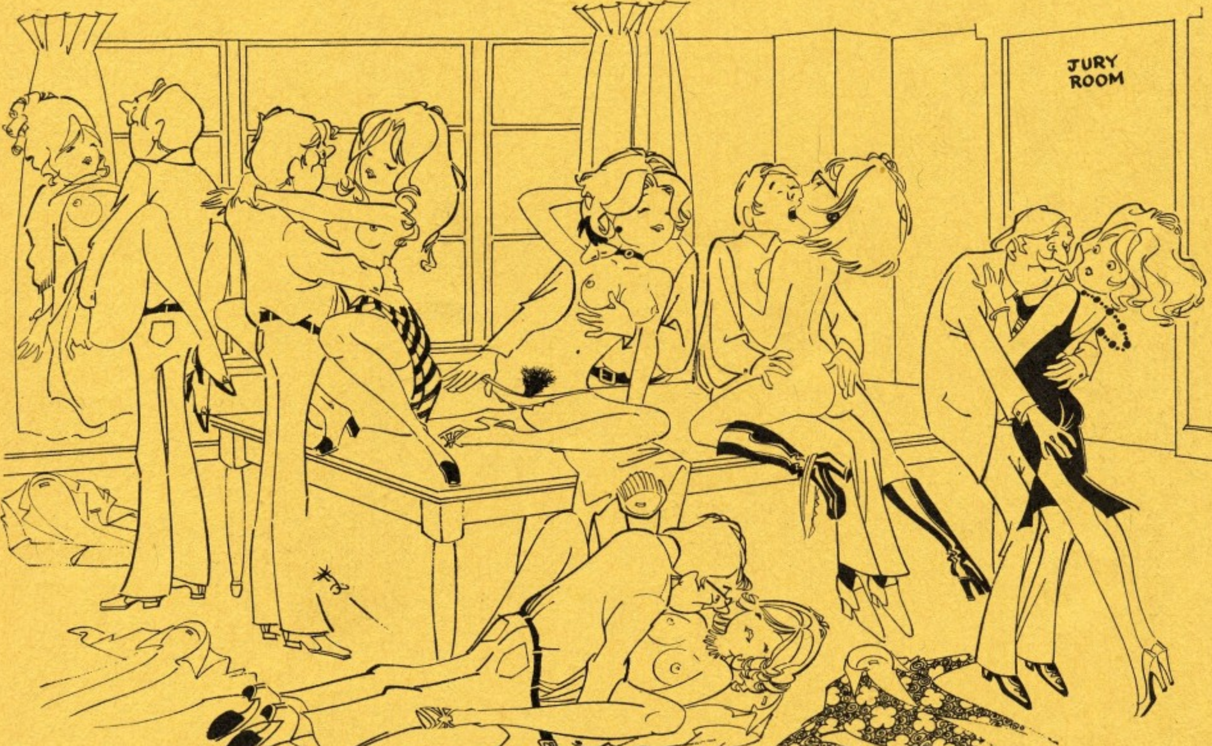
'My client had to leave a sick bed to be with us today . . .'



'Mr Beaumont has suggested we reconstruct the alleged assault.'



'Well, I will concede the case, now would you care to try for costs?'



'Oh come on m'dear, everyone else is unanimous.'

Tammy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

Until the early '70s Uganda was not a country noted for its exports. And if it hadn't been for Field Marshal Idi Amin, conqueror of the British Empire, 18-year-old Tammy Patel might never have graced our shores. For Tammy's family settled here after Amin expelled Ugandan Asians in a fit of pique.

Tammy remembers very little of those early days in Britain. Her family had an advantage over other Asians in that they spoke fluent English. The Patels settled in south London where Tammy's father opened a small supermarket. These days the Patels live in Dorking, Surrey, and Tammy is hoping to carve out a successful modelling career. 'I love it here,' says 38–22–36 Tammy, 'the people are so friendly, and I have many friends, both English and Asian. My parents though do tend to keep to themselves, but old traditions die hard, I suppose.' Tammy is a great disco dancer and can often be seen at Dorking Halls or *Buzbys*.

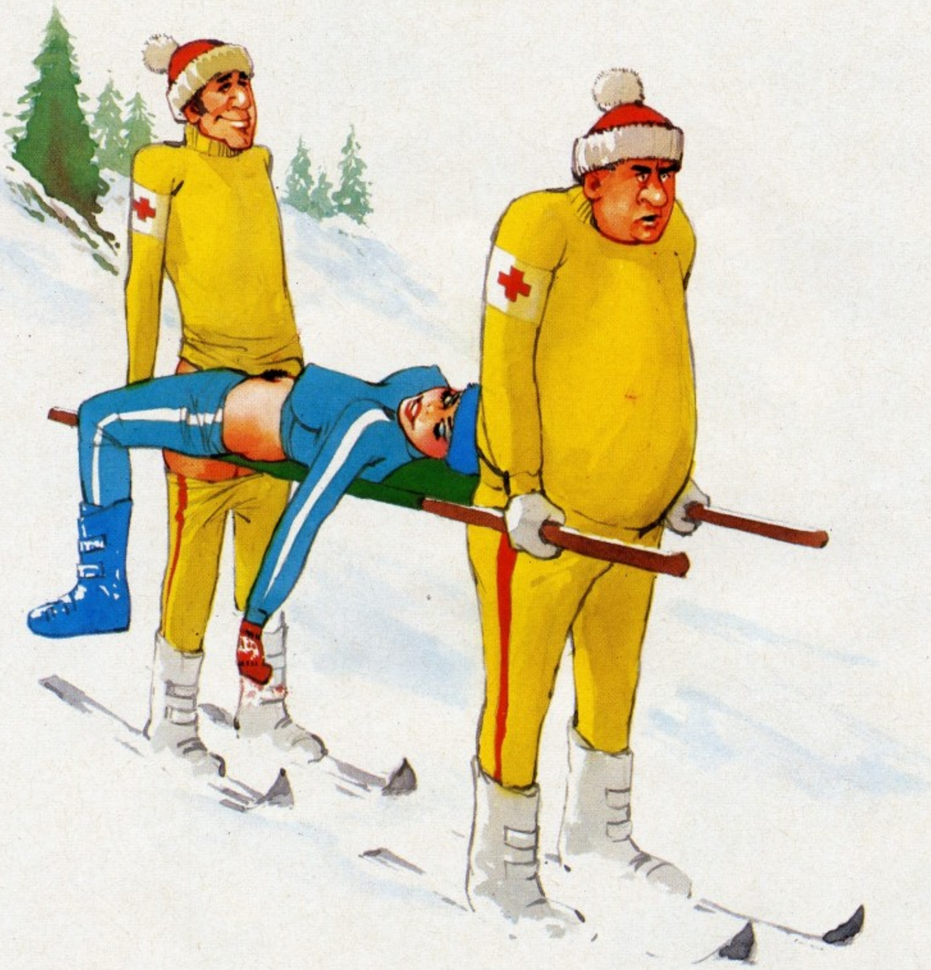
'I also like English beers,' says Tammy. 'I had a boyfriend who was very into real ales and he used to take me to a pub at Betchworth called *The Dolphin*. It was amazing, we walked into the bar and it had a stone slab floor and benches and among the locals there was even a chap in those plus-fours, that's what my boyfriend called them. You should have seen the looks we got. It was the locals' bar and visitors were more or less expected in the lounge and saloon bars round the corner. I'm quite fond of my pint of ESB.' Tammy is a fan of Margaret Drabble, having read *The Millstone*. 'I'm now on *The Waterfall*,' she says.

JULIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Twenty-three-year-old Julia Edwards has often longed to go West, and last Christmas her dream came true. When her Devonshire school broke up for the holidays Julia said goodbye to her music pupils, packed her cases and headed for southern California. 'Friends of mine have told me how fabulous this part of the world is, so I thought I'd better visit it before I get too old and settle down, and what better time to go than in the cold, English winter. You can keep ski-ing holidays, I'd much rather loaf around in the sun.' Julia spent most of her holiday sunning her 35–23–35 body, but found time to look up her friend, Siwer Ohlsson. She also went to see the *Queen Mary* and even had a meal on board. 'She's a great ship,' said Julia, 'I'm only sorry I didn't see her when she was in England. Of course she doesn't go anywhere now – she's moored off Long Beach and is used as a floating restaurant and tourists like myself flock to see her.'

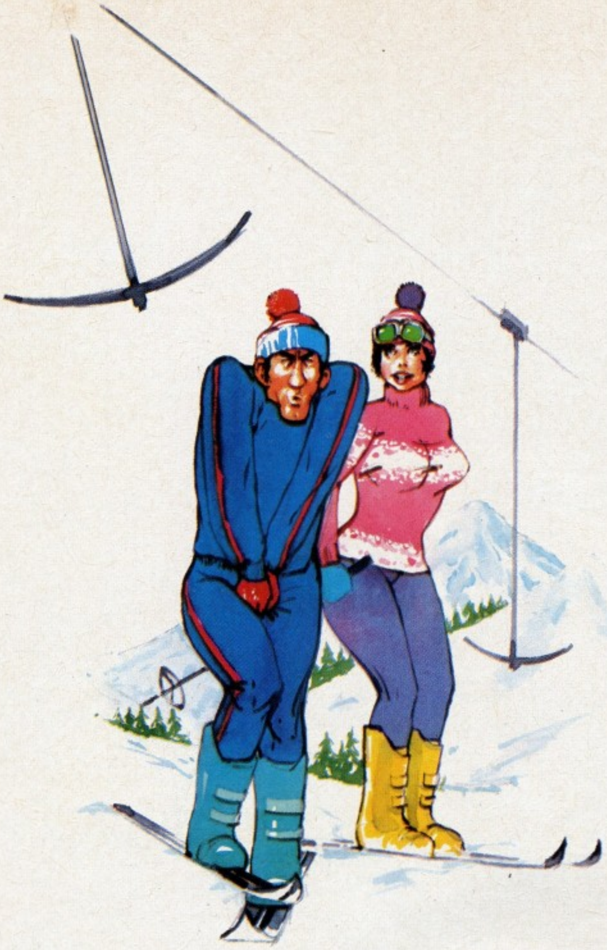
Would Julia prefer to pull up her roots and teach music to young Americans instead of her Devonians? 'I don't think so. It's a good place to visit but in Devon you feel confident that if you bump into someone else's car they aren't going to shoot you. Besides I think all those drawling accents would drive me mad after a while.' But what about American men? 'They're OK, but so many are too mouthy. I'd rather go out with an Englishman.'



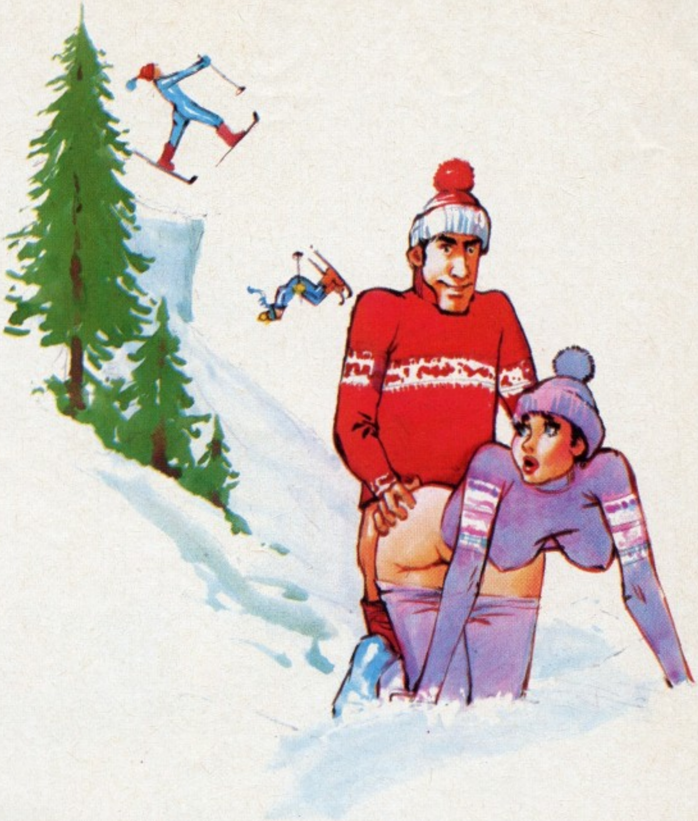
'Accidents! How is it that you never complain, Karl?'

A BIT ON THE SLIDE

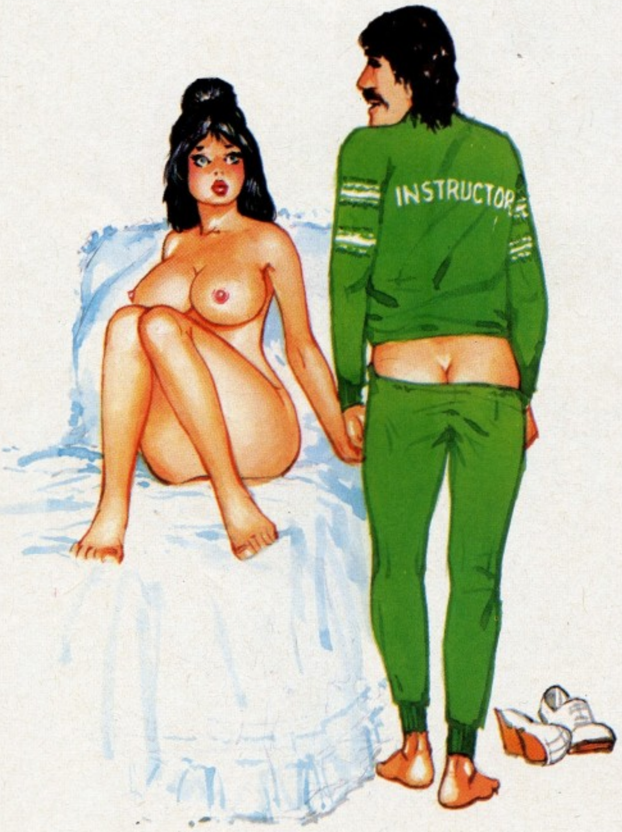
Taking to his skis, cartoonist
Brian Forbes discovers there's snow sex to
be had on the slopes this year



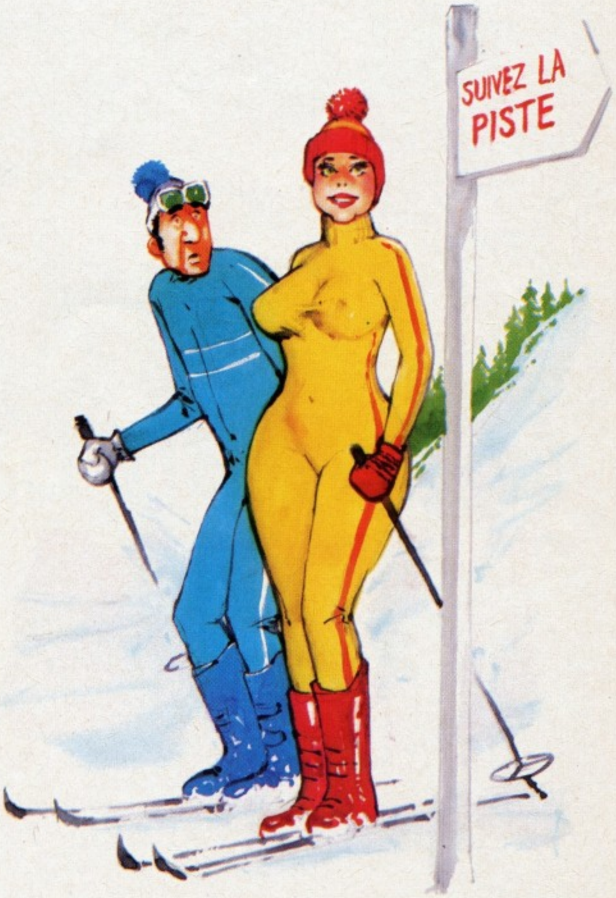
'Basil, you're supposed to sit on one side!'



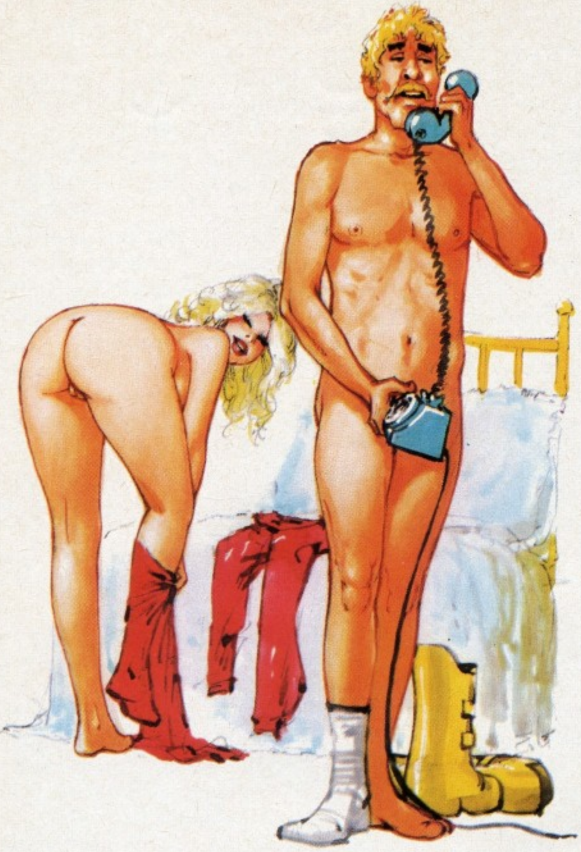
'When you said you would show me hot-dogging . . .'


INSTRUCTOR

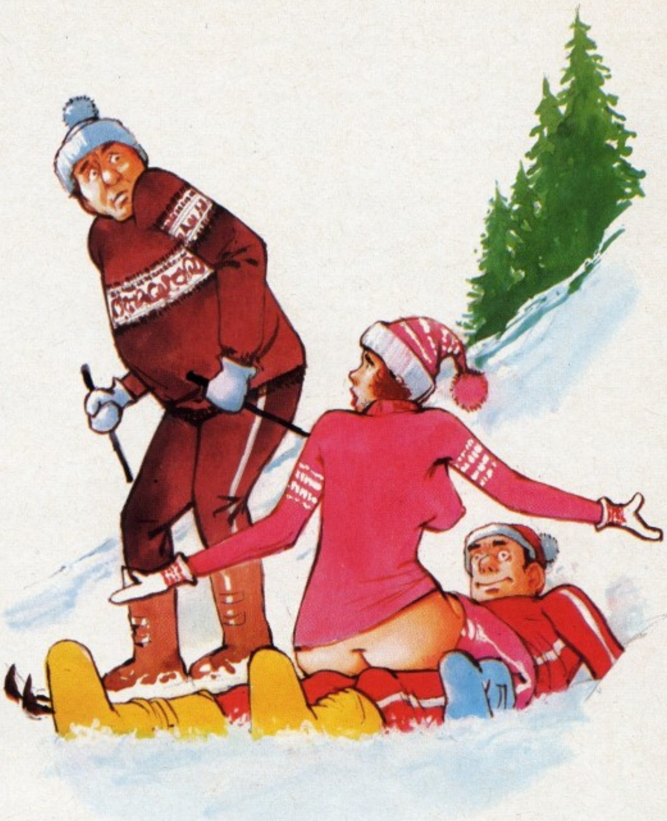
'Miss Wilson, knees together only on the slopes.'


SUIVEZ LA
PISTE

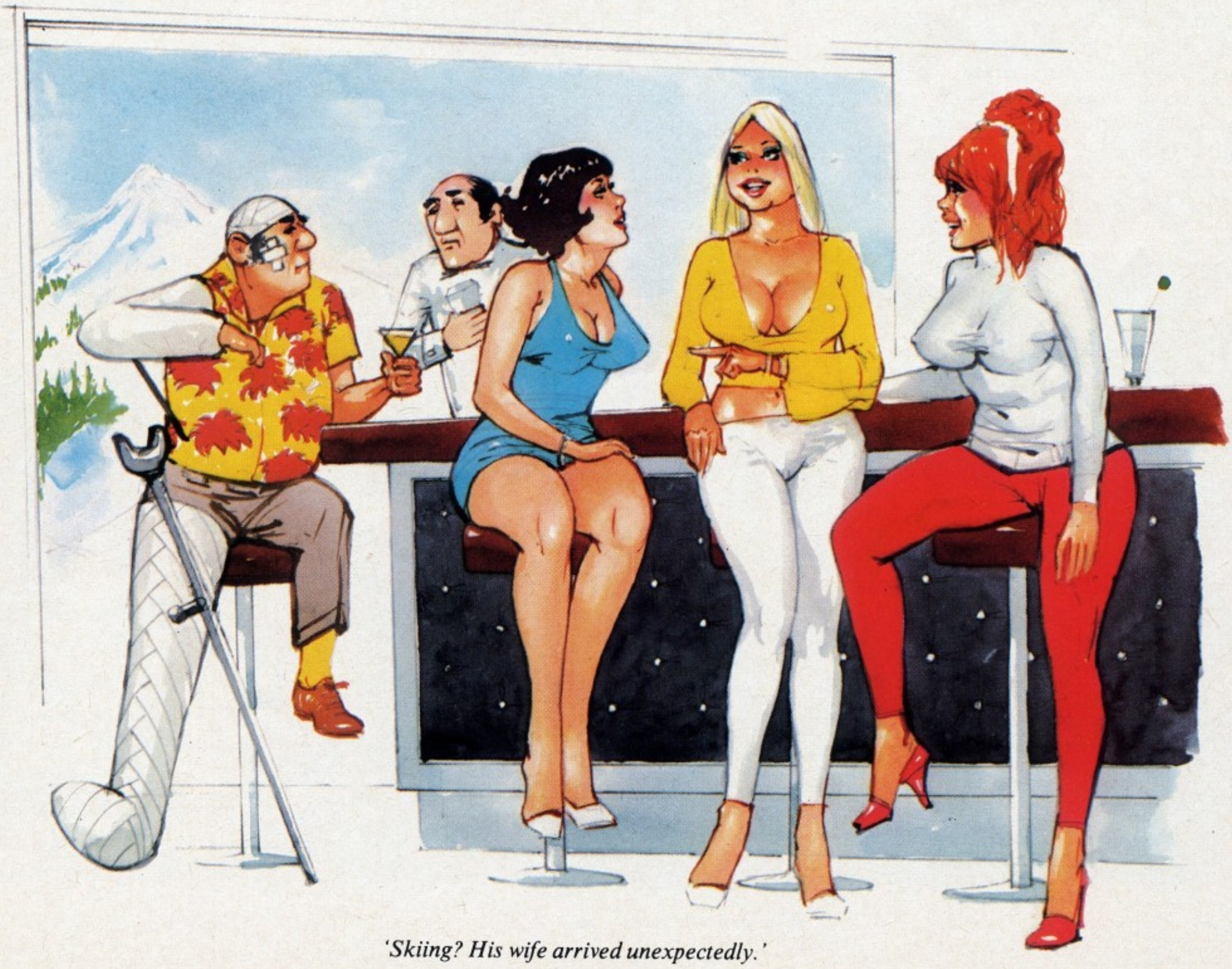
'Look Charles, they've even got directions for drunks.'



'Nothing special, just the usual apres ski.'



'If I get off, he says he'll get frost bite.'



'Skiing? His wife arrived unexpectedly.'

DEBBIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Debbie Wainwright might not fit the image of a typical seaside landlady, but that's exactly what she is. For 22-year-old Debbie runs her own guesthouse down in Bournemouth and does everything herself. 'I am the chambermaid, cook, and everything else.' She was fed up with working in a solicitor's office, so two years ago she took a gamble and opened the guesthouse which accommodates 17.

'I get to meet some very interesting people,' said Debbie, whose 36–23–36 figure is enough to brighten anyone's holiday. 'We had one chap who used to slide down the banisters every day. He said he does it at home as well and it is something he has done since he was a kid and just can't stop.' Eventually Debbie hopes to open a bigger place at Westcliff. 'I'd like to have someone else running it and spend my time in Jersey or France, taking it easy on a yacht. Perhaps one day I'll own my own grand hotel.' Debbie says she is a friendly landlady and not the nagging type who asks questions when various Mr and Mrs Smiths come down for the weekend. 'It's their business, isn't it?'

Debbie's great-uncle was the well-known English cricketer Cyril Washbrook who made a name for himself as opening bat for England in Test series immediately after the last war. But after an unpleasant experience at school, Debbie has no interest in the game at all. 'I was a real tearaway at school and one day one of the teachers locked me in the cricket cupboard for being naughty. It was a poky little room not much bigger than a wardrobe. Then he forgot about me and I was in there during the lunch break. It put me off cricket for life.' When she left the Oxford School in Abingdon where she was brought up, Debbie took a commercial course and worked as a telephonist in Oxford before moving to Bournemouth. The guest-house keeps her busy, but when she has any free time, Debbie likes to play netball or go out onto the local courts and play tennis. And sometimes after a hard day looking after her guests, Debbie likes to be pampered herself, so she goes to Christchurch for a meal at the *Fisherman's Haunt*, an olde-worlde restaurant she loves.

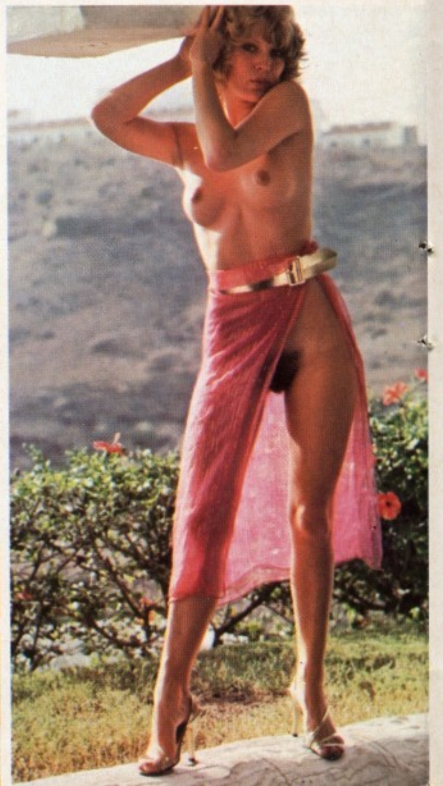
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / DEBBIE WAINWRIGHT

VANESSA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

With a father and an older brother both fully-qualified doctors, you might think that blonde 22-year-old Vanessa Patrick would have been tempted to follow their footsteps into the medical profession. But strange as it may seem from someone who is used to gory professional talk over the breakfast table, Vanessa admits to being extremely squeamish. 'I only have to see a drop of blood and I just faint,' she told us, 'I'd never make a Florence Nightingale because I can't even bring myself to remove a splinter from my finger.' Instead she is manageress at an exclusive ladies' fashion store, very near her flat in Knightsbridge.

In the evenings you will often find Vanessa in one of the many cocktail bars around Covent Garden. 'I don't much care for the noise and bright lights of discos and I'd much rather have my fingers wrapped round a pina colada – no, it's nothing rude, just a wonderful Caribbean drink made with rum, pineapple juice and coconut milk.' Some of the cocktails have amusing names like one called 'between the sheets' which caused Vanessa some embarrassment. 'A new boyfriend came round to my flat for a drink and I asked him if he fancied a 'between the sheets'. He took me literally, but luckily I fancied him so we forgot drinking.'



With her slim 34–23–35 figure, Vanessa looks eye-catching in any type of clothes, from the long, flowing evening dresses she wears to parties to the skin-tight jeans she squeezes into at weekends. 'I am very interested in clothes, and take great care over what I wear. After all, they help make our image in the eyes of other people, don't they?' She admits to spending a large portion of her salary on clothes every month. 'But they don't necessarily have to be expensive to be good. It's amazing what you can pick up at antique markets in the way of old dresses and even furs. I think it is important to look original.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The nervous young bride became annoyed by her husband's rather energetic advances on their wedding night, and reprimanded him severely.

'I demand proper manners in bed, just as I expect them at the dinner table.'

Rather taken aback by his wife's primness, but not wanting to annoy her, the groom combed his hair and quietly slipped between the sheets. 'Is that better?' he asked.

'Yes, very good darling,' she replied.

'Well, would you now be so kind as to please pass the fanny.'

What do you call a boomerang that won't come back?
A stick.

Antonio and Luigi had come from Naples to London to work and after their first week at the factory Luigi decided to have a night out on the town, while Antonio relaxed indoors. But at two in the morning Antonio awoke to the sound of the front door banging.

'Ah, Luigi where a you been all night?'

'I'll tella you, Antonio, what a night it's been. I go into the street and meet a beautiful girl, I call a taxi, I take a her to a restaurant, buy her a dinner and taka her dancing. I don'ta mind spending the money. She is very beautiful and she invites me back to her place. We go uppa da stairs and into z'room and bang she shutta de door and slamma home da three bolts. Then, Antonio, you won't believe zis, she go across the room and she take a off de beautiful blonde hair and she 'ang it on the end of d'bed! Zen she walk around ze side of de bed to de little table and she goes gunk wiz her left eye and she drops it in de bowl, so! Zen she walks round to de other side of de bed and she goes zunk, zunk and drops 'er teeth in z'glass, so! Zen she lifts up her left a legga and zripp she unscrews it and puts it on the floor. She drops off her blouse and goes brizzp with her left titta and bang she throws it in the drawer. Zen she drops on de bed and she lie back and she say: "Now, Luigi, now I am ready to make a love to you".'

'But Luigi!' cried Antonio, 'What did you do?'

'Whatta I do, Antonio?' said Luigi, 'Whatta I do? Whatta else could I do? I just zay I am terrible sorry, but I left my prick in my uzzer trousers!'

There was a Jew and a Chinaman sitting together on a train when suddenly the Jew stood up and punched the Chinaman on the nose. The Chinaman said: 'What was that for?' and the Jew replied: 'That was for Pearl Harbour'.

The Chinaman protested: 'That was the Japanese – I am Chinese'. The Jew shrugged his shoulders and replied airily: 'Chinese, Japanese, it's all the same to me'. So the Chinaman sat down and thought about this for a few minutes as they continued their journey. Suddenly he got up and punched the Jew on the nose. The Jew staggered back and gasped: 'What was that for?'

'That's for the *Titanic*', said the Chinaman.

'That was an iceberg,' said the Jew.

'Iceberg, Greenberg, it's all the same to me'.

The chairman of a large soap powder manufacturing company was so pleased that he got straight on the 'phone to his marketing manager. 'You know that new secretary of mine,' he told him, 'well, she told me that she was so delighted with the quality of our soap powder that she even douches with it.'

'That's a relief,' said the marketing manager. 'With all that foam flecked round your mouth we all thought you had rabies.'

A man returned home after an alcoholic night out with the boys at nearly three in the morning. In order not to risk waking his wife he undressed downstairs. Carrying his clothes over one arm and his shoes in his hands, he tiptoed carefully up the stairs. To his astonishment as he reached the landing, a man came out of the conjugal bedroom, naked as he was, clothes over his arm, shoes in his hand.

'Have a good time, old chum', said the stranger, 'but I warn you, you'd better be quick. She tells me her husband is likely to be home any minute'.

An Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman were on a desert island and one day a bottle washed ashore. The Englishman unscrewed the top and a genie wafted out. 'Thank you, master,' he said, 'I grant each of you one wish.' The Englishman thought a moment and said: 'I would like to be back home with my family.' And *whoosh*, he was gone.

'I'd like to be back at my local', said the Scotman, and *whoosh* he was gone.

'I'll be a bit lonely,' said the Irishman, 'so could you bring my mates back?'

A rather dim husband came home unexpectedly early one evening to find his wife in bed with another man. In a mad rage he pulled open a dresser drawer, took out a loaded pistol and pointed it at his own head.

'Are you mad?' yelled the lovers in unison from the bed.

'Just you wait,' the husband replied, 'you two are next.'

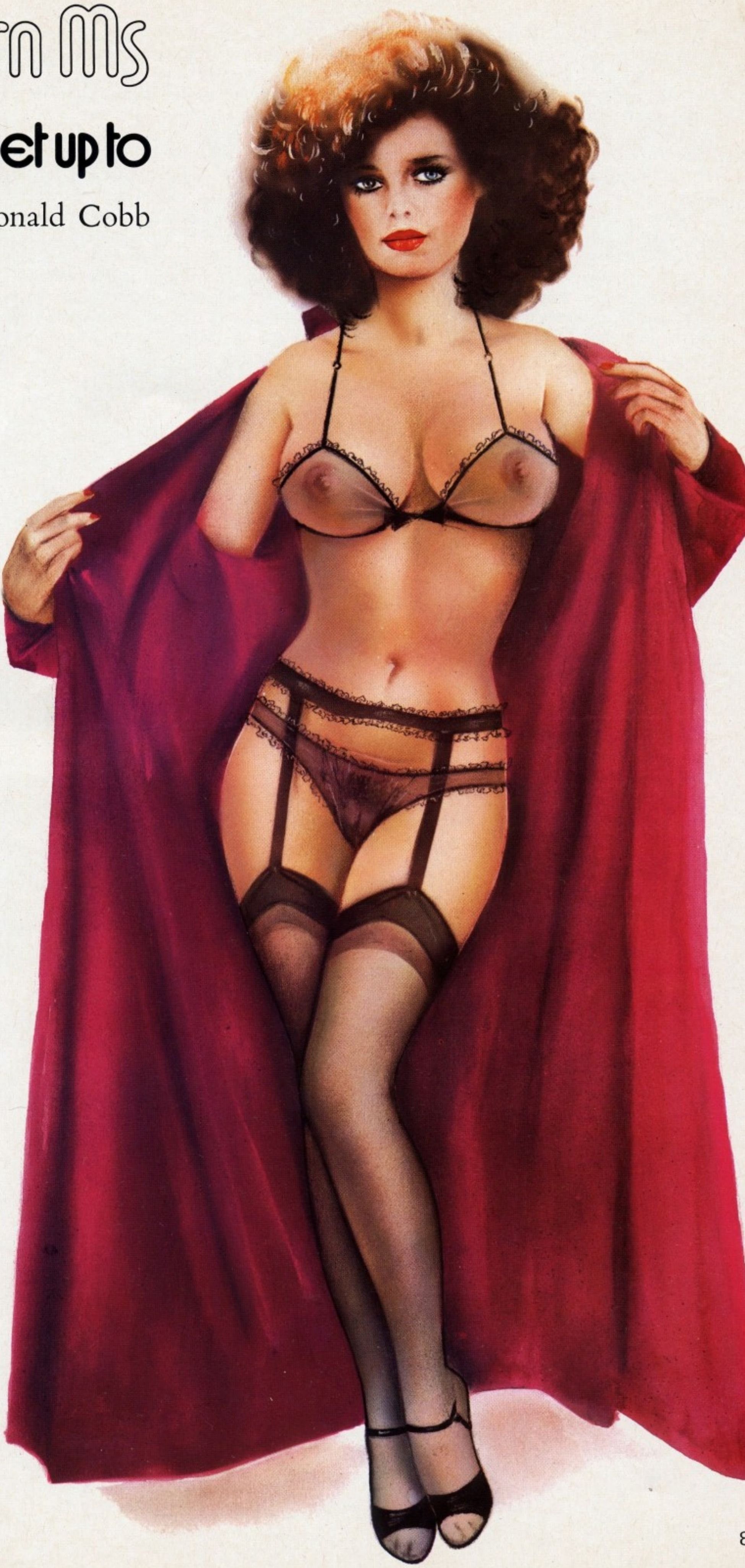
It was said of a girl who watched rugger,
If you fed her you also could plug her.
One miserable sod, he
Made use of her body
For packets of crisps – the mean bugger.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb



'I got an amazing surprise when I took out a hippy-type girl I know. She was a bit of a modern women's libber, wearing a kaftan. I'd nipped out to the cloakroom and returned to an empty bar. As I walked up to her she just opened her kaftan. And would you believe it, she was wearing nothing but the traditional sexy gear that women always use to turn on their men – stockings and suspenders.'

Excerpt from a transcript of a recorded 'Quest' interview.

Lucy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Lucy Whyte is a girl who tends to knock men out. But one day she met her match. It was none other than Henry Cooper and it all happened when British Leyland introduced their Princess model and BL dealers Wilmotts of Bognor Regis decided to launch the car with a special show. They procured the presence of Henry who called round to collect Lucy, a South Coast Carnival Queen.

'When Henry and I arrived at the garage they even rolled out the red carpet for us,' said 20-year-old Lucy. 'Henry was really lovely and I was surprised to find that he actually did smell of Brut!' But did 'Enery have a knockout effect on young Lucy? 'He's old enough to be my father, but he was very nice. It's not really surprising though that they hit it off well.

You see Lucy also has a fighting streak in her. Her current hobby is karate which she practises twice a week, but it does mean she suffers the occasional bruise on her 36–25–36 body which does nothing to help her modelling career. 'I'm not really an aggressive person, and I don't really want to resort to using it, but I did have to on one occasion when a guy pestered me at a disco.

'I aimed to hit him under the jaw with my elbow to daze him, but I was a bit off target so I also gave him a good old-fashioned clout over the head.' Lucy nearly knocked herself out once. She was modelling stockings and suspenders at a fashion show, did a twirl at the front of the stage, and fell off! She originally comes from Croydon but now lives outside Brighton from where she laments that her bottom's too big. 'Photographers seem to like it though. I did a put-up job for the *Daily Star*. I was told to walk along the promenade on this windy day until the wind blew my skirt right up, revealing the whole of my bottom.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Thirteen

A bunch of flowers, a box of chocolates, a meal – are these the way to woo a woman? You may think so, but there are many women who are turned on by the complete opposite. This month Quest speaks to three women whose resistance has been melted by men who are decidedly rough – in speech, dress and between the sheets.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, aged 25, town of origin Richmond**

This interviewee was educated at a convent school and has been married for three years. She lives with her husband in a rather large bungalow. Originally a personal assistant to a company director, she has given up work to look after the house. They have no children.

Quest: Were you sexually experienced before you got married?

Housewife: I hadn't been sleeping around, if that's what you mean. But I wasn't a virgin.

Quest: Had you slept with men before you met your husband?

Housewife: A few. I had sex with most of my boyfriends before I met John, my husband, but I tended to go out with the same boy for quite a long time. So I suppose I wouldn't be called really experienced by today's standards.

Quest: What sort of man is your husband?

Housewife: John? He's a very good husband. Very generous and kind, always helps with the washing up and that sort of thing.

Quest: What made you get involved with the mechanic?

Housewife: Alan? It just sort of happened. I don't know really. Perhaps it was because he was so different from John.

Quest: You mean a contrast in character?

Housewife: Yes, that's right. He was the complete opposite of John, really – pretty crude to be honest. He certainly wasn't a gentleman and was always swearing. I wouldn't put up with that sort of language from my husband.

Quest: Does the idea of sex with a rough, coarse type of man appeal to you?

Housewife: That does sound rather blunt.

Quest: But you yourself just said that's why you had the affair with Alan.

Housewife: It wasn't an affair. I just did it with him once. But I suppose you're right, though it doesn't sound very nice put that directly. I did not fancy Alan so much, it was that he fascinated me. Yes, that's the word. He was like nobody I'd ever been involved with before. I'd always gone out with nice, middle-class boys.

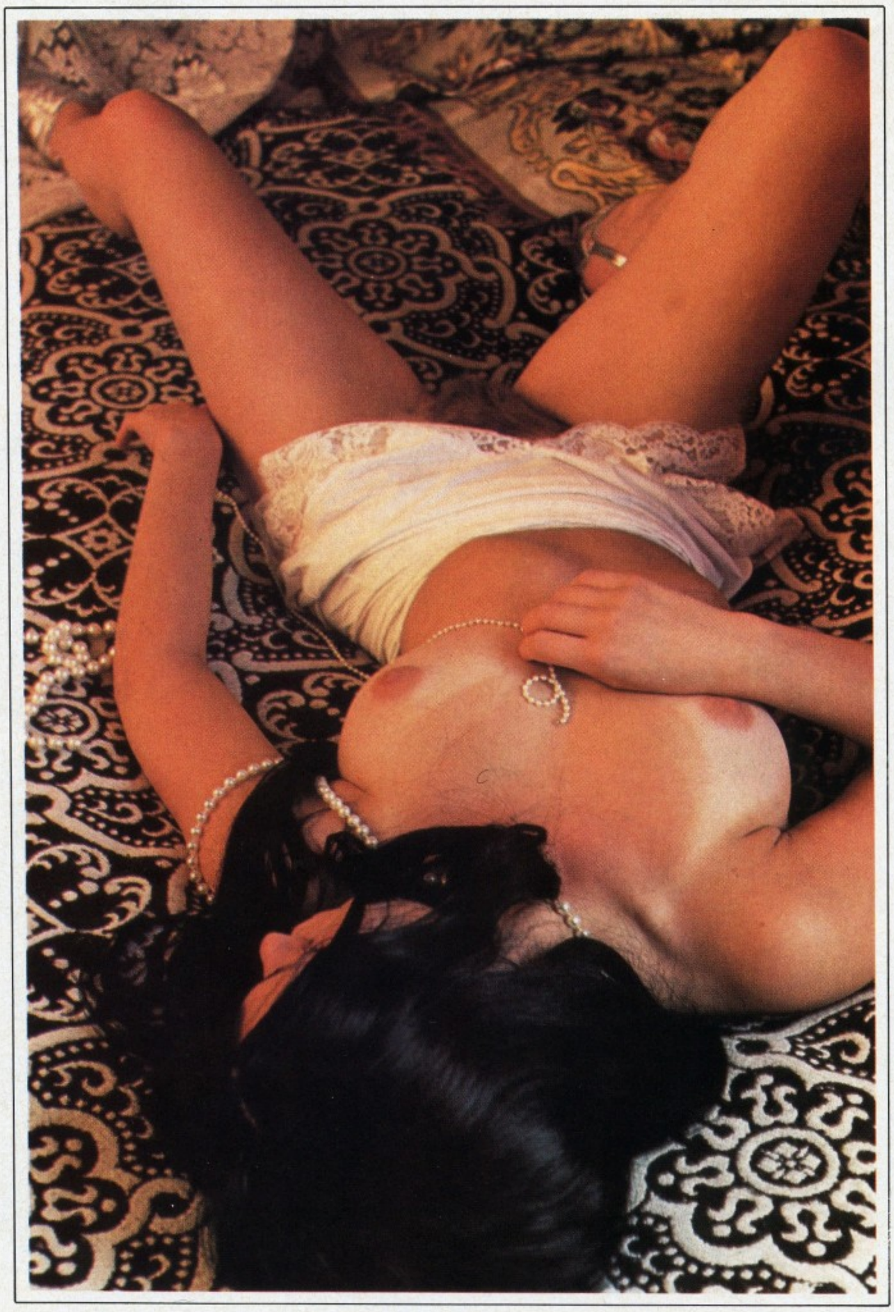
Quest: How did it all begin?

Housewife: It was the damn Rover which started it all.

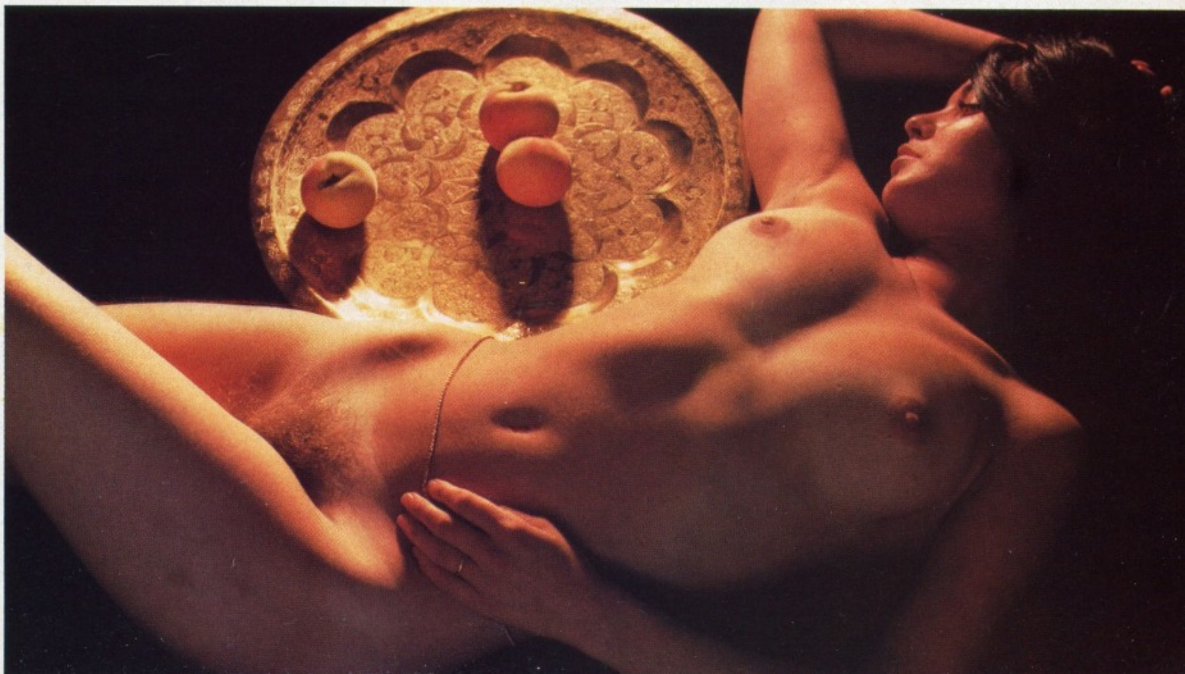
MARIELLA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

Although Mariella sits opposite you, you sense she is thousands of miles away – or from a different time. You know you could never possess her – no-one ever will – and no one will ever really know her. Mariella is a woman of mystery – she won't tell you where she's from, or exactly how old she is. In fact, the only thing Mariella can be sure about herself is her figure, a lithe 35–22–35. You see Mariella isn't at all certain of her past. Her earliest recollections are of an orphanage on the outskirts of a large city. When she arrived there she could speak only a little English plus a strange European tongue.



Mariella's English quickly improved. It had to. 'I found it unnatural to live under the roof of the orphanage. I ran away for days on end, sometimes travelling hundreds of miles. I seemed to possess an instinct for taking care of myself. I just can't stay in one place for very long. You see, I'm certain my roots go back to the Romany gypsy, but I'll never know why I was deserted as a little girl. If my parents were Romany they would never have left me, unless some terrible tragedy befell my family.' Mariella knew her name, but her age . . . she puts it at around 26. Mariella will always keep moving despite the strong love she feels for people. She needs to love and be loved and touched intimately by her friends. But none of them will really ever get to know this mystery girl. And no-one, man or woman, will ever possess lovely Mariella.



THE END IS NIGH

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Stocks of our 1981 full-colour calendar are dwindling fast, but you can still secure your copy if you act now. The response to our new calendar has again exceeded expectation, but perhaps by featuring twelve of the most curvaceous *Mayfair* cuties like Jennifer *(right)*, who appeared in Vol 14 No 1, it is understandable – we have, after all, the biggest-selling glamour calendar in Britain. For only £1.70, which includes first class postage, we will send you twelve of our girls – one for every month – in a plain, flat crease-free wrapping. But you have to be quick, so do not delay.

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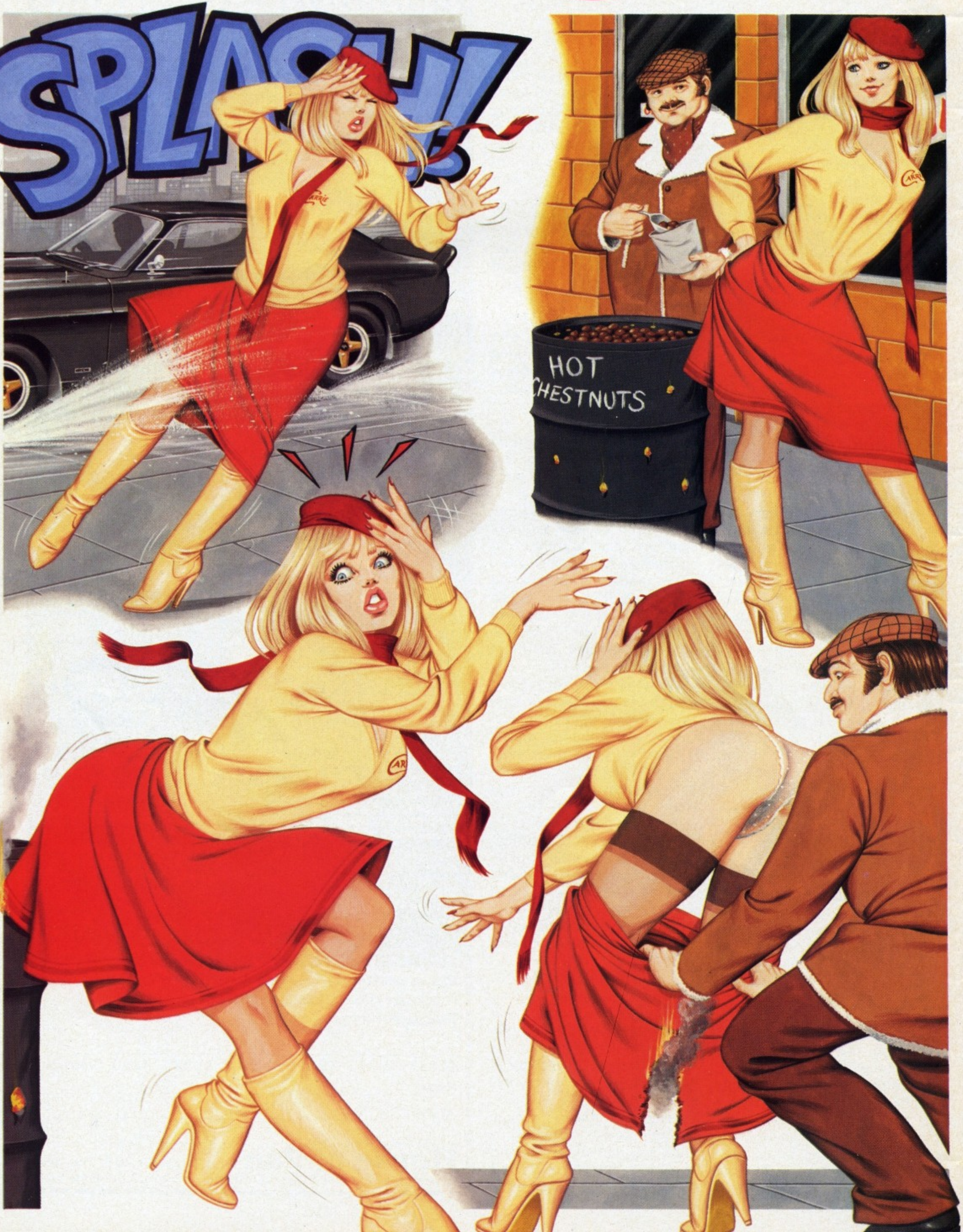
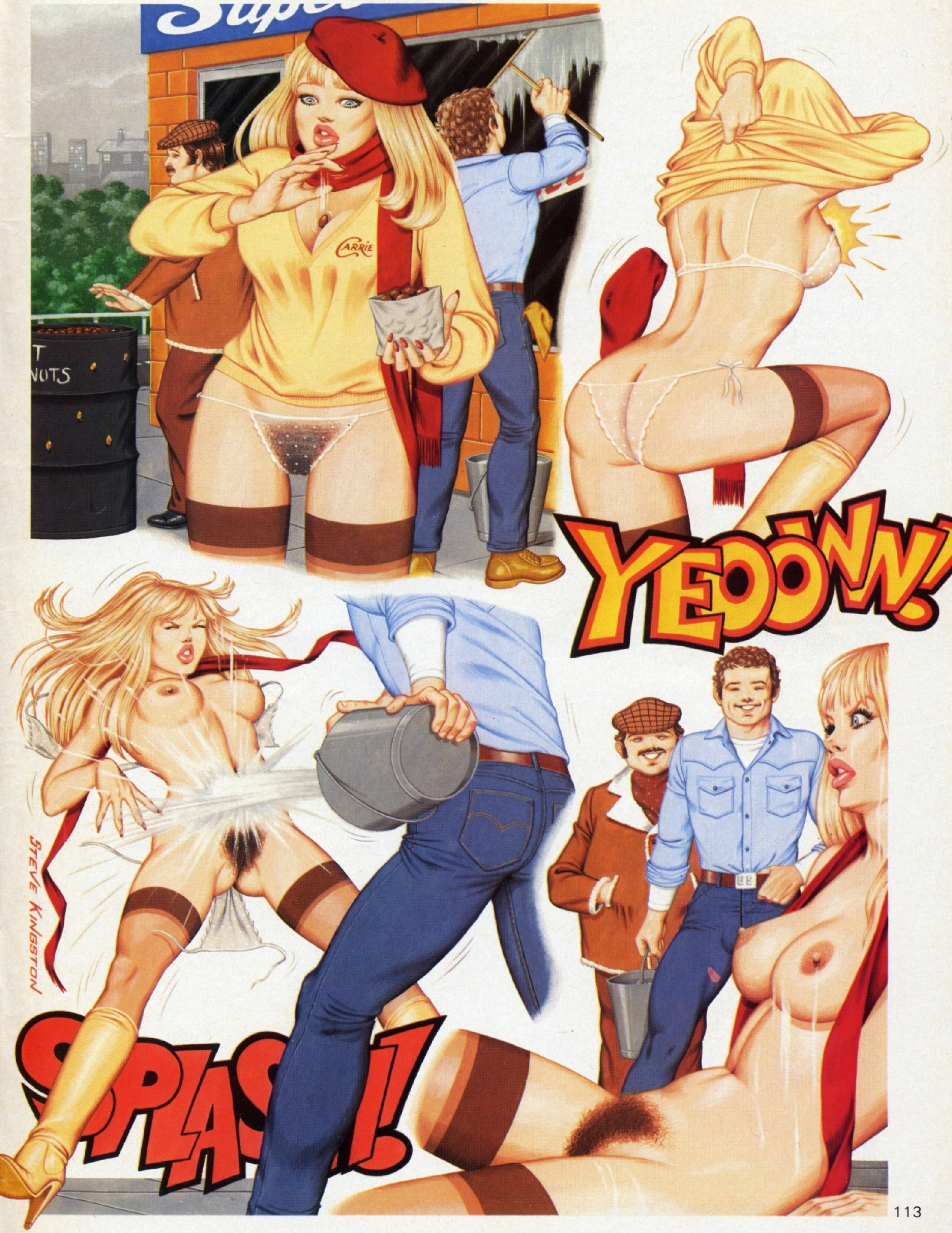
CARRIE

Carrie's hot chestnut is quite a hot potato


SPLASH!
CARRIE
HOT CHESTNUTS
CARRIE
CARRIE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